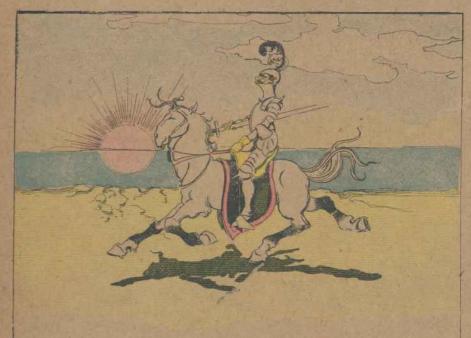
THE REAL STORY OF ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON.













Mrs. Jones Induloes in Sarçasm.

Refinement of Fortune.

A Sprightly Mind.

MRS. JONES—John, can you let me have five "Never forget, boys," said the teacher earnest. "Gold at last!" he muttered hoarsely. "Now—now I can eat something!" And he felt of his dollars this morning?

MR. JONES-What do you want it for? MRS. JONES-Oh, I just thought I'd separate swords and sharp sticks. from you and live on the interest of it luxurious- MR. NEWFATHER-Why didn't they put a chain-lightning intellect you must have to keep pace

used to torture people by keeping them awake you speak, don't you? antil they became mad, prodding them with SHE-Yes. Why?

baby in the room?

HE-Nothing much. I was only thinking what a "Then my pa must be awful rich." with your tongue.

ly, "that time is money." "You don't say!" ejaculated the new scholar, mouth with a wild joy,

"How so, Tommy?"

now I can eat something!" And he felt of his

It was miles away from Klondyke, but the dentist had done his work well, and the filling "'Cause he got twenty years last Tuesday." stopped the toothache permanently.

THE YELLOW KID INSPECTS THE STREETS OF NEW YORK.

